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OCTOBER, 1928

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HARRY E. ROGIN, '29

Editor-in-Chief

The Squirrel And Man

AS WINTER draws nearer, when the leaves have turned to a bright orange and red color and begin to fall off, when the birds have already started their migration toward a land of sunshine and flowers, the little gray squirrel will be seen running around from tree to tree, gathering an acorn here and an acorn there, quickly running back to his crude, but cozy home and dropping it on an already gathered pile of acorns.

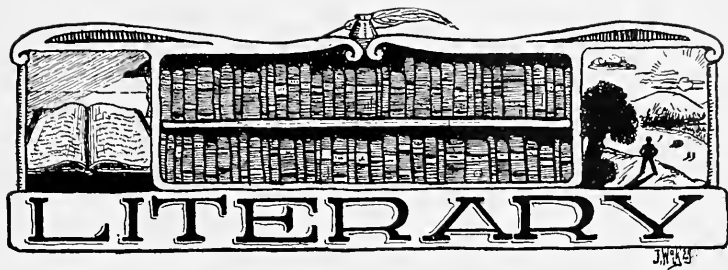
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Man, it seems, has learned a valuable lesson from this puny little squirrel. About the same time he will be seen in the fields gathering fruits and vegetables, oats and wheat, storing them safely where they stay for use throughout the bleak winter days.

* * * * *

This is harvest.





Epithets

HARRY WEISSMAN, '29

THE old tarnished nickel clock rang insistently as John Raskle sleepily sat up, slowly stretching himself in the movement.

Very deliberately he set about dressing, drawing on first one sock then the other, and then his manure-stained pants.

"Damn," he muttered, "another day." Resentment glowed on his face. Ever since he was thirteen and was old enough to listen to the summer vacationers from New York, whom he met on Saturday nights in town, he had grown to the realization of the monotony of his life. Each morning he cursed his mode of living, his father, the cows, everything. Each object—animate or inanimate—which came under his casual notice, would receive its share of his snarling invectives. He was eighteen now and he felt he could never reconcile himself to the sordidness of the future before him.

This morning was Friday; and on Fridays, because it was the day which made his last Sunday's rest seem so forgotten, he felt especially miserable. He walked down the narrow winding stairway with his shoes in his hand, "so's yore ma won't git up with yore clagin' down the stairs." As he passed the kitchen he took the milk bucket from the shelf, a battered piece of tinned iron, under his arm and

then walked to the barn. The crowing of a chicken irritated him and he threw a stone at it, spitting with satisfaction as the object of his ire bustled noisily away.

"Damn chicken thet ain't got 'nough sense to shet up in the mornin'," he growled.

He walked sulkily into the barn and greeted the impatient bellowing of the hungry cows with his own surly remark. "Can't ye wait?"

He fed each cow a potful of grain, having for each one a slap on the head or a threatening gesture as each in their greediness hampered him with their horns.

Milking was his worst job;—each morning the sight of ten un milked beasts looked as a hopeless piece of drudgery to him. Had he only to milk one or two cows it might not have mattered so much, but ten—! Each cow finished merely meant another one for him to start.

He sat down to his first cow wiping some dung from her hairy udder with some dry straw and cursing her soundly for "bein' sech a darn dirty scrub." The sound of the milk squirting into the bucket irritated him. At first it fell on the tin with its high pitched "tzing-tzing-tzing," then lowering gradually to a steady "zoop-zoop-zoop", as the milk

streams hit the white foam and the liquid rose high in the bucket. Milking did not tire him—it only reminded him of the monotony of his life.

As he milked he thought, and his thoughts were always filled with resentful threats against his "pop". Today his mind took a slightly different trend. He would run away—to the city—there he would get a job. Sure—it was hard, and he knew no one there, but he was strong and big—too big for his age, his father had said. Of course he'd come back, but only for a visit when he made a bit of money. And he wouldn't go off like a sneak, he'd go up to "pop", tell him straight facts, ask for ten dollars to start him off, and then git. Now—when should he go? This morning, he decided.

From thence on his attitude changed. He went swiftly about his work, cleaning the barn meticulously, forgetting in his absorption to swear at the chicken which had strutted into the barn through the open door. He fed the flock, saw to the water, and then cleaned the roosts.

"Before I go, I'll show them I done my work right," he mused. "I'll up and tell pop I ain't goin' to slave for him all my life. I'll show him."

At breakfast he faced his father. Obediah Raskle looked like all the other Raskles in the family. The characteristic long thin nose, the end of which was continually red with its everlasting bead of moisture hanging from its end, together with its sharp features lent a certain harshness to him. In the past few years his rheumatism had incapacitated him for farm work and he had gradually let the burden of the chores slip to John's shoulders. His bulk still intimated the ponderous strength which still could be exhibited when his ailment was not in evidence.

Mrs. Raskle rarely got up in the morning to get breakfast. Obed did this

duty so that she could sleep a bit longer.

John, his chores finished, strode determinedly into the room.

"Pop," he announced.

Mr. Raskle looked up surprised at the tone of his son's voice.

"Pop, I don't want any eats—I'm goin' away—I ain't goin' to do yore slavin' for you. I hate this stinkin' place—I'm goin' 'where'n hell I can make money and enjoy life like Tim Potkins. He made out good in New York. And I been working hard all my life. I want ten dollars—I guess I earned more but that's all the wages I'm askin'. I ain't skeered of you no more and I'm goin' to git this mornin'."

Mr. Raskle turned livid with fury, speechless for a minute, he then let loose a torrent of vile reproach. Scathingly he hurled epithets at his son who was suddenly scared into silence. He cringed under the upraised hand of his father. Gone was his brave determination.

"Git out of here," stormed Mr. Raskle, "and don't come back. I'm through with ye, after what me and ma's done for ye. I'll give ye nothin'."

John grabbed his hat, ran up stairs, dressed in his Sunday suit, and went—with no word of leave-taking to his mother. At his father he cast one spiteful glance, and was gone.

* * *

Somehow he made his way to New York—there to be cast into the most abject misery, with awe at the bigness of it all. For two weeks he sweated at the docks unloading cargoes of sugar.

Then his luck changed and he got a job in a steel foundry for "ten dollars a week and chances for advancement." He was able to lay by a bit each week and out of his meagre salary he paid for his hole of a room which he shared with the son of his landlady.

He worked six months. Each day he assured himself of a coming raise which never came. He was too thick. All he had was muscle which was all the foundry required of him. He moved tons of steel from place to place in the factory. At nights he sat down heavily and thought deeply. He recalled the swimming hole—the rainy day respite—and numerous incidents of his earlier life. Not that he longed to go back—he assured himself. It was merely the reaction of his getting straightened out. Then one day he hurt his left hand. A steel bar had dropped on it. He attended the city clinic for two weeks, spent the last of his earnings on a movie show—and looked again for work.

For two days he wandered about—hoping—but no one would have him. There were too many out of work. His landlady graciously let him stay on another week, and then he slept in the parks with no money in his pocket and no food in prospect.

His never-failing resentment now found its vent at the city. He hated its cold buildings, its hordes of hurrying, unnoticed people. He hated the policeman who woke him up during the night from his sleep on the park bench. One night he

slept in the jail because it was too cold outside. He cuffed the bootblacks who unwittingly asked him "shine mister?"

One day he saw a truck with "Hartsville" written on its side. Hartsville was only a few miles from his old home. He decided on impulse and asked the driver for a ride. For four hours he rode on in silence engrossed in his own thoughts. He cursed the joltings of the car—the slowness of the motor—and most of all he cursed his own "Goddam luck".

Then it started to rain—he cursed the rain. The road took a sudden turn, the truck skidded over to one side into a deep ditch. John jumped out not noticing a fast roadster approaching him. He took one step and—there was a grinding of brakes—a sickening crash as the smaller car hit the truck—a sudden sharp blow at his back—and oblivion.

He never reached his old home. He lay unconscious for two days in a New York Hospital, and opened his eyes on the third to utter one self-pitying epithet, "that damn truck." He closed his eyes and never awoke. He had no means of identification on him. He was buried in New York's Potter's Field. Perhaps he is cursing the cold ground now.

Harvest

H. DUBROW, '29

*When nature in her greeny state
Brings forth her golden rays,
Then summer with fruitful plate
Welcomes the harvest days.*

*The warbling of the birds in June,
With busy bees at work all day,
Lends merrily to the harvest tune;
The working world is gay.*

*The steadfast tillage of the soil:
The brimming cup of bounty dloyed,
Repays the hardships of season's toil.
What season is so full employed?*

*Thou doughty tiller of Mother Earth,
With sweat of brow thy profits reap;
Fear not for want nor dearth,
Survey Nature's treasure heap.*

*Bumper crops of golden grain,
Bounteous food for man to bless,
Gleaned from Harvest's great domain--
The time of plentiness.*

Storm Flashes

MAX SHINDELMAN, '31

HOLD her steady there, quarter-master," commanded the skipper. "Aye, aye, sir," replied the quartermaster. "What is she making?" "Nineteen knots, sir."

The night was black as pitch. Not a light was anywhere to be seen. It was wartime, and the United States Destroyer, *Paul Jones*, was ploughing through an angry submarine-infested sea. The wind howled through the deck-gear in unabated fury and sent the salt sea-spray flying over the deck of the vessel in a continuous shower. The men and officers on the bridge and up in the crows-nest were dressed in oilskins and boots, but the cold dank wind penetrated to their very bones. The small cockle-shell of a boat pitched and rolled about at the mercy of the heaving, growling waters. Now she dove through a billow, now rode the crest of a roller, then dropped into a wave trough with a splash. She cut capers like a hooked trout and every man on watch had his arm around a stanchion or a rail. A tiny blue lamp over the compass threw just enough light to illuminate the compass card, not more.

"What is our course, quartermaster?" asked the skipper. "South by east, sir," replied the quartermaster. "Fifteen degrees right rudder," growled the skipper. "Aye, aye, sir," and the quartermaster gave her the wheel for fifteen degrees, but she responded only with difficulty. He had to give her twenty-five before he could get her to hold steady on an easterly course.

"I say, Lt. Brown, we ought to pick up the convoy in about two hours if nothing happens to this packet in the meantime" blurted the skipper, addressing his first Lieutenant. "Yes, if nothing happens; but on a night like this any-

thing is likely to happen," replied Lt. Brown, gloomily.

"What on earth ails you, Lieutenant? You can't see your hand in front of your face, it's so dark; and, besides, in a storm like this no Heinie is going to poke his nose above the surface unless he has to." "That's just it. He might have to when he shouldn't, and I'm not so keen about swimming out there tonight." "Away with you, you old pessimist, I'm beginning to believe you're a hoodoo." "Believe what you will, but this is no time for optimism. The trouble with you, Commander Robinson, is, that you've never had to hang onto a raft until your skin begins to crawl and you felt yourself turning inside out. After you've been through something like that, you sort of lose that optimistic attitude."

Lt. Brown had commanded the ill-fated tug *Tuscarora*, four months previously. One day while she was steaming in the North Sea, a German submarine had opened fire on her at long range. The *Tuscarora's* three-inch guns were easily outranged by those of the submarine, which carried a five-incher fore and aft. In about fifteen minutes the tug had so many holes in her that she had to be abandoned, as she was sinking fast by the head. All hands went overboard in a raft and it was thirty-six hours before they were picked up by a British cruiser, which fortunately happened to come their way. The fifteen men, the tug's crew, were taken aboard and treated for exposure. Brown had contracted pneumonia and was only by a miracle saved from death. The recollection of that harrowing experience was vivid and painful. He was now in no particular mood for another such experience. This was his first assignment since he had been

discharged from the hospital fit for active duty.

The first faint gray was now visible on the eastern horizon, dead ahead. Dawn was breaking ominously. The wind was still blowing furiously and the water was lashing itself in a frenzy. The ship still continued her wild antics but was well under control. The men and officers of the watch looked drawn and haggard, for they had been standing a double-watch. The deck hatches could not be opened when it was time for relief, for to raise a hatch or to go down from the bridge while the sea was on a rampage meant being swept overboard. An angry sea has no compunction in sweeping a man overboard, for Davy Jones always has room for another guest.

The expected convoy was now in the distance, laboring heavily to keep a steady course. It was composed of three cargo vessels, each camouflaged like an easter egg. A destroyer was painted on the side of one; on another was a false bow about twenty feet aft of the real one so as to deceive the range of the enemy. The third vessel had a ship painted on each of her sides with the bow facing the stern so as to appear to be going in the opposite direction, but besides this deception they all had many colors. Each ship was armed fore and aft with a five-inch gun.

"On the bridge there!" came a shout from the crow's-nest.

"Hello," bellowed Lt. Brown through a megaphone. "White smoke on the port quarters, sir," was the answer from the man on watch; "must be a cloud," broke in the skipper. "Cloud hell! Did you hear that?" exclaimed Brown, his last word being echoed by a dull, thunderous report far away, and before they knew it something whirled over their heads. "Bugler!" shouted the captain to a youth standing near by. "Aye, aye,

sir," replied the bugler. "Sound quarters!" "Quartermaster!" "Aye, aye, sir" "Left rudder hard over, full speed ahead!" The quartermaster spun the wheel as hard as he could all the way, then held it there with one hand while with the other he shifted the speed indicator to full speed. The hum from the smokestacks began to grow gradually louder as the ship's turbines accelerated their revolutions. Twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five knots; this was a good rate to make in bad weather.

Hatches were thrown open and men began to pour out and take places at the guns. The last man out closed the hatches after him. They all wore life-jackets hastily drawn on and tied. "Quartermaster!" "Aye, aye, sir." "Twenty degrees right rudder and hold her there" commanded the skipper.

Lt. Brown was looking through his binoculars toward the place where the shot had been fired. His aide was at his side with the communicating phones on his ears. "Communication ready, sir," said the aide. "Fire!" A terrific crack like a thunderclap rent the air and the ship momentarily listed sharply to one side then immediately righted herself. The guns barked, spewing flame and smoke. The guns were again shifted into the proper position, loaded and made ready for the next salvo. "Fire!" "Quartermaster!" shouted the skipper, "Aye, aye, sir." "Left rudder hard over." Just then a wake was seen to cross their very own. It was that of a torpedo, but luckily they had steered in time. "Keep in that wake, Quartermaster," called out the skipper; "what is she making?" "Thirty-five knots, sir," replied the quartermaster. "Cease firing," commanded Lt. Brown, "stand by the 'Y' guns." The "Y" guns were the submarine's most dreaded foe. At

(Continued on page 19)

Scientific Farming

S. B. LONYAI, '29

*A dismal fate was Hiram Baker's.
For years he tilled the same old acres
And every year his crops were smaller,
While his loads of debts grew taller;
And now gone broke like many neighbors,
He left the scene of all his labors.*

*The much loved home he left behind him,
Whose every shingle must remind him
Of hopes and dreams he once had cherished
Before all fond illusions perished.*

*He like the soil was quite exhausted.
His eyes were dim, and whiskers frosted.
The old farm run down, forsaken,
Was by a youthful stranger taken.*

*From some school he had graduated,
With strange knowledge he was freighted.
He talked a gibberish, surprising,
And spent much time in analyzing
Small hunks of soil from here and yonder
And over volumes he would ponder.*

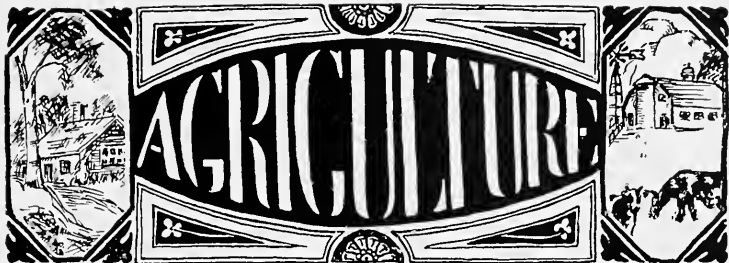
*And old-time farmers, much like Baker,
Looked on him as a local fakir.
"A man can't learn the trick of farming
In schools," they said with candor charming.
"He has to work with hoe and sickle
While streams of sweat down him trickle.*

*He has to mow, plow and harrow
And push huge burdens in a barrow.
Through beds of weeds he must be wading,
And break his backbone always spading.
This aleck from some tin-horn college
May have a store of phoney knowledge,
But little will that store avail him.
He and all his tricks will fail him."*

*And yet that cheeriest of strangers
Astonished all the old-time grangers.
He gave the soil what was needing;
And every place he did his seeding
Responsive crops would grow like blazes:
All kinds of wheats, oats and maizes.
He gave the worn-out soil a tonic
And now bumper crops are chronic.*

*The woes of men engaged in farming
Would be less heavy and alarming
If they would cease their heart-sick screeching,
And listen to some modern teaching.*





STANLEY FIDELGOLTZ, '29

Editorial

THIS is the time of the year when we stand ready to take stock of our harvest. It is the time of reckoning, a reflection upon our capabilities. The result, to a certain extent, shall tell us whether or not we have worked diligently during the year.

Harvest time is here and with it the rejoicing of the rural communities. There is a feeling in the air of well-being and contentment and of an ambition to do better the following year.

Here at Farm School, after computations have been made, we find ourselves at the end of a fairly good season. The general field crops: hay, oats, wheat, potatoes; the horticultural crops of sweet corn, tomatoes, peppers and other vegetables have yielded fairly well, showing that outside of the weather the students were responsible in a great measure for the successful year.

They have been on the job, perhaps not very diligently but with sufficient enthusiasm to warrant success.

The Electric Brooder

BERNARD GAYMAN, '31

ABROODER is a covered and warmed receptacle for the protection of chicks reared without a hen. The heat in a brooder can either be supplied by fuel or electricity. The system of supplying heat which we are to discuss here, is that by electricity.

The methods of chick brooding vary in different parts of the country. Though the electric system is quite unknown in our region it is very popular in the state of California. There it has made rapid progress along a line of useful developments. The results obtained were excellent. Over 5000 electric brooders were

installed in the State during the year 1927. And since they proved their worth they have become a permanent feature in the life of the California chick raiser.

The electric brooder differs from all other systems of brooding in its capacity for distributing heat. That is, the distribution of heat secures an even temperature throughout the pen and the hoover. The heat under the hoover reaches 90-95 degrees, and the remaining space of the pen will have an air, mild and warm, well circulated by good ventilation, and adjusted so as to suit the chick.

This gives the chick a good start in its physical development. As the environments prove to be natural the little creatures are not left behind in performing exercises so important to their growth. Only very seldom are chicks affected by this atmosphere so close to nature. They seldom suffer from cold.

In the other systems of chick brooding where electricity is not applied, the temperature of the pen is as high as 90 degrees and the chicks lying around the hoovers breathe in the gas given off by the fuels such as coal and oil. Such is by no means profitable or desirable. Another feature of the electric system is the

economizing of labor, which is a great factor in commercial chick raising. The saving of labor along the line of production has tempted the raiser to go into large scale chick brooding. As a whole, by means of electricity, the cost of raising of the chicks has been greatly reduced. It is indeed a double advantage when only a 30 dollar electric bill is required for a 3-month period of chick brooding. Other systems are often more than twice as expensive and the results are not nearly so favorable. In California the brooding can continue throughout all the year, but in our section it is only advisable during certain seasons, beginning in March.

Round the Farms

WITH the final O. K. of our mechanic "It" was wheeled out from the hangar to a starting position on the field.

"Ooky" was to be at the controls. I had confidence in him as he was a former quarter-back and all-round athlete—a man of "nerve" who could be depended on. "Ooky" and I nonchalantly waved good-bye to the staff, climbed into "It" and were soon on our way. We were to make a tour of the various farms and departments on the grounds which covered quite an extensive area.

All was going fine until "Ooky" pulled out a cigarette and by mistake ignited the cock-pit (I always knew "Ooky" was cross-eyed).

Within a few seconds after the mishap both of us were floating through the air in parachutes.

I landed upon the holey roof of some farmhouse which I deducted from its condition to be No. 1. Sure enough it was, for on the other side of the roof was painted in large white letters SCHOENFELD FARM NO. 1.

Taking out my pen-knife I enlarged one of the holes and fell through into a hay mow, emerging with whiskers.

In this disguise I made my way down to the ground and confronted Harry. In a reporter-like way I pulled forth the doings of No. 1. In a nasal undertone Harry drawled out the following story:

"Well, due to the fact that we have no silage here we are hauling it from the Dairy. Four of our best cows have freshened; one of them, a test cow, has almost completed her record. We have been harvesting our Irish Cobblers (early crop) and out of an acre and a quarter have gotten 400 bushels.

"The wheat was harvested in good condition and in its place we have a fair stand of red clover.

"Now down there at No. 3 they have 15 acres of spuds which are in good condition and promise to give a fair yield, due to the continual spraying and cultivation. The oats are in the mow waiting for the threshing machine. They also have 7 teams, having brought over the teams from No. 5. The second cutting of

alfalfa was taken in and hauled to the Dairy where it was used as green feed for the test cows. The hogs are all healthy and are steadily gaining in weight.

"There isn't very much doing over at No. 7. The soy beans have been plowed under as a green manure crop, the wheat has been harvested and threshed."

I knew that Harry was through for he no longer opened his mouth (a sure sign). After looking over the grounds with Harry, I complimented him and Dal on their landscape ability, for they certainly had a good-looking place.

Bidding No. 1 adieu I walked over to the road and drew forth from my hip pocket the famous folding bicycle (used a great deal by detectives) stretched the rods and adjusted the bolts and was off towards the poultry.

I came there in time to see "Doc" London performing one of his famous operations for increasing the growth of chickens. So absorbed was "Doc" in his duty that he did not know I was there until I told him so. We talked over events and other general topics, had a "drag", and then "Doc" got down to business. He began to tell me what right the poultry department has for existing in what they were doing.

"We have 1300 pullets and 500 hens at the 'Big' house. The egg production is about 40 per cent and is gradually increasing. This is due to the condition of the birds, some of them being in part moult. We are trying to keep our pullets from laying, all stress being made to produce healthy birds with sufficient vitality to enable them to withstand their being forced during November when prices of eggs are high. The brooders have 500 cockerels of breeding age and 200 pullets. The 70 capons will be put out on the free range, the pullets are still in confinement and in healthy condition. We expect to have barred-rocks ready for Christmas time."

"Very good, 'Doc', very good indeed. I'll have to go now as I have an important meeting with the 'Keeper of the Bees'."

"Don't get stung now," was his parting retort as I made my way over to my "iron horse".

Before mounting my steed I gave it a good drink of oil and was once more on our way, traveling at the safe rate of 5 miles per hour. We soon arrived at the apiary colony. After 5 minutes' hunt I found the "Keeper of the Bees" busily engaged in replacing supers in the various hives.

Upon seeing me he started to talk, as he already knew the nature of my business.

"All queen cells were taken out and placed in a nucleus for future queens. All the colonies were re-queened when it was found that the queens did not come up to the standard. We have about 100 colonies of 8-10 frame colonies. Our season is not so promising, due to adverse weather conditions throughout the spring and summer."

Being a man of vision I could see that it wasn't safe to stay around the vicinity much longer. In order to give my bicycle a rest I folded it and stuck it into my pocket and began to walk over to No. 5. I came there just as Mr. Kraft was telling one of his usual stories and listened in.

When Mr. Kraft finished I interrogated him, and learned: that No. 5 would not be operated by the school next year as the lease was up. Consequently, they have moved their horses and implements to other farms; that all crops were taken in in good condition, 27 acres of land was plowed and prepared for winter wheat. The potatoes and corn are growing well due to good cultivation.

As it was near dinner time I rode out to the Home Barn in Mr. Kraft's buggy. We were greeted by some of the men who told us what news there was. They had

harvested and threshed there 85 acres of wheat and were now hauling silage for the Dairy.

From the Home Barn I made my way to the dining room where I collided with "Rosy" who, after much persuasion, gave me the proceedings of the Horticultural Department.

"During the past months we have been harvesting bumper crops of corn, tomatoes, cabbages and peaches and grapes as well as late corn. The vegetables had a higher yield than in previous years in spite of unfavorable weather conditions. Due to the scarcity of Alberta's from New York we have been getting good prices for our peaches. Our main vegetable patch was plowed under and seeded to a green manure crop of winter vetch and rye. All of the peach trees have been treated with parathion to destroy the peach borer. The winter onions were harvested, some of them rotting due to excessive moisture. Off of one acre of ground we picked 1500 quarts of currants and gooseberries."

"Rosy, your department certainly does know how to grow their stuff. So long, I'll see you later."

After stuffing myself with a little silage and bread I went down to the smoking room where I accosted Weber trying to puff away on an O.P. "Bad for the wind, Web, come on over here and tell me what's doing in the Greenhouse."

"Well you see, we are quite busy there. Loafing is not included in our dictionary. That is why we get so much work done down at our place. We are growing carnations, mums, snap-dragons and calla-lilies. In all we have some 15,000 of these flowers in growth. In addition there are a few thousand sprays of sporangia. Our fresasias, smilax and pansy seedlings are in good condition.

"Our main work now consists of taking cuttings from our outdoor flower beds,

building up a compost pile in the rear of the upper greenhouse, and the fertilization of the beds, tying up the mums, dis-budding and mulching the carnations. Conditions point to a prosperous year providing no unforeseen event happens.

"I attribute the good spirit of the Greenhouse men and their work to Mr. Mayer."

I was going to let Web. continue talking but I could easily see that he was groggy. Evidently he and cigarettes couldn't co-operate. I left Web in a belching good mood staggering like a sailor, and went over to the gym where I collided with Sam Brown.

"Hey Sam, what aren't you doing now? Sit down and let me know what is your department's excuse for its existence."

Said Sam, "between cutting the grass on the lawns and watching it grow we have set out 1000 English delphiniums to be sold next spring, 10,000 English daisies are ready for the cold frames, 5000 arbor vitae were raised from seed. For the first time in the history of the school we have succeeded in raising about 3000 soft wood cuttings of different varieties of shrubs and vines.

"Our department is growing slowly but surely." Sam left me and I strolled around the grounds for awhile until it dawned upon me that there had been no news of the Dairy. I was all set on going down to the Dairy but later changed my mind for there is nothing new going on down there. In plain language the same old story.

* * * * *

I was brought to my sense by a peculiar feeling and quite dopey I looked up to see Dr. Massinger lecturing to me on something which I felt had nothing to do with animals. It had occurred to me all at one I had eaten too much for a warm day which accounted for my drowsiness and befuddled thoughts about aeroplanes.

*Imported Cattle Purchased by the National Farm
School at Meridale Farms June 22, 1928*

THROUGH the generous donation of Mr. William Anderson, Valley Forge, and Mr. Dutton of the Meridale Farms, the National Farm School was able to purchase five imported Jersey cows. This, in addition to the beautiful Jersey heifer, donated by Mr. T. S. Cooper from Coopersburg, also a young bull, a son of Dreaming Sultan, purchased at the Trenton Jersey sale, forms a nucleus which we believe to be one of the finest Jersey herds owned by any agricultural school.

The breeding of the animals purchased was: S. A.'s Golden Gamboge Imported, 258756, on the sire side of two of them with Xenia's Supertax, P30785 HC, and Gamboge's Fairy Winks, P28980, as dams. Another animal is sired by Le Rodin Oxford Lad, P5940 HC, whose dam is Flora of La Godillie 3d, P29196 HC. Still another is sired by Blonde's Potentate and the dam Edna Primrose.

Probably the outstanding animal of the five is, Welcome Peake-790989, which was sired by Rosebay's, was wanted 19778 C. J. C. C. The dam of this cow is You'll Do's Victoire 565773.

The animals have all been bred to high producing sires and we hope to have, in a short time, a herd of Jersey of which the Farm School can be proud.





SPORTS



JOSEPH KOVARICK, '29

Football

ON AUGUST 15th, the announcement that football candidates report to the A. A. Storeroom, was greeted with a burst of enthusiasm never before equalled. Fifty-five candidates were provided with the pre-scrimmage togs and many were turned down for lack of uniforms. Not in the least discouraged, those who were, through necessity, refused togs, turned up for the Saturday afternoon practice, with the result that Coach Samuels had enough material for seven teams. Through the weeding-out process the squad has been slowly decreasing in numbers. When the scrimmage togs were handed out on August 30th thirty-five men were outfitted. This gives Coach Samuels a fine-sized squad to work on for the coming season, which promises to provide the toughest schedule in the history of football annals at Farm School.

L. H. RICKERT, '29, *Manager*.

Personal Glimpses

“**B**UD” HOGUET, our star athlete and formerly a member of the Glen-Nor High School championship team, is the pilot of this year's team. For the last two years he has been our hardest line plunger and the most consistent ground-gainer. He has accounted for many a touchdown. Best wishes, “Bud”.

“Fido” Fidelgoltz, our stellar end, is back in his usual position. He has never been known to fumble on a forward pass, and is a sure tackler. “Fido” was developed by Coach Samuels and we are proud to call him the best end ever.

“Butch” Rosen has covered his tackle position in a great manner for the last two years. Butch is back again in his old place with more fight and spirit, if that is possible.

“Syd” Rand, last year's star center, has lost none of his capability of passing the ball, and is showing up in great fashion, due to last year's training.

“Dutch” Jung, who covered right half-back last year in conjunction with “Muddy”, is once again showing his ability to circle around end with dazzling speed. Go to it, Dutchman.

"Bing" Meyers is again back at his guard position. His punting and placement kicking reach that of mid-season form. He is our most dependable kick-off man and is becoming more consistent in form.

"Dan" Glazer is out to replace Lynch at the end position. "Dan" played a great game at tackle last year and we know he will come through with flying colors at end position.

"Al" Gysling will again defend his guard position this year. "Al" was the premier guard of last year's team and we will see him again this year.

This accounts for our regulars on whom we depend for the most successful season at Farm School. In addition to these men, we must not forget the newcomers, who will determine the real strength of our 1928 team. In the back-field we find Lazarowitz, Kleinman, Hartenbaum, and Podolin. "Lizzie" Lazarowitz, who has fought to make the varsity for two years, seems now to be about to realize his ambition as quarterback.

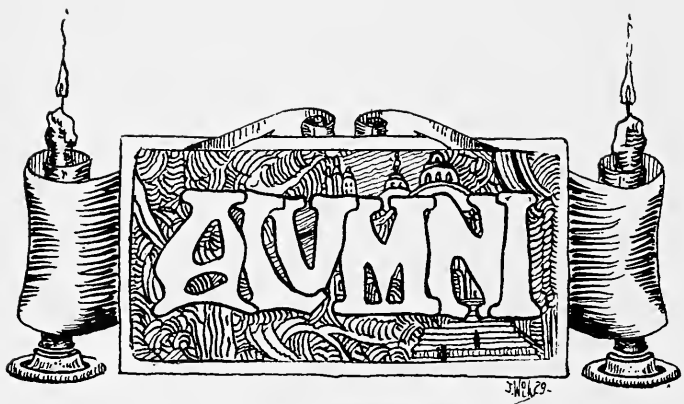
The new linemen, who show extreme promise, are Eckstein, Werrin, Rohrbaugh, Bauman and Silver. "Sol" Eckstein, who also fought for two years, is to all appearances to be a regular in tackle position. "Nate" Werrin is showing his ability to cover an end position.

L. H. RICKERT, '29, *Manager*.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE FOR THE SEASON OF 1928

Saturday, October 6—Ursinus College Freshmen.....	At Home
Saturday, October 13—Drexel Institute Freshmen.....	At Home
Saturday, October 20—Trenton Normal School.....	At Trenton, N. J.
Friday, October 26—University of Delaware Junior Varsity.....	At Home
Saturday, November 3—Williamson School.....	At Williamson, Pa.
Saturday, November 10—Keystone Teachers College.....	At Home
Saturday, November 17—Rider College.....	At Home
Saturday, November 24—Brown Prep School.....	At Home
Thursday, November 29 (Thanksgiving Day).....	(Pending)





JOSEPH LIEBERNICK, '29

Editorial

ANOTHER Alumni Day has just passed. On the whole, it was an enjoyable and festive occasion. To many it will harbor priceless memories to be treasured in years to come.

Yet on that day we did more—ininitely more—than merely provide amusement and recreation. On that occasion we went a long way towards bringing together and knitting into one solid and cooperative unit the scattered Alumni of the National Farm School.

Already the results have made themselves apparent in the form of a Chicago Chapter of the National Farm School. Under the able leadership of enthusiastic old-timers, like Kahn, '13, and Miller, '07, this chapter is beginning to take hold and bids well to be another step in the right direction.

All this is comparatively new. Now let us go back to some old business.

Last year we received a letter (published in January, 1928) from Michael Frishkoff, '22, who, while in no way depreciating the good work done by the Alumni in backing Athletics, mentions the fact that it would be a fine thing for the Alumni (in some way) to help the prospective graduate in his chosen field of agriculture.

This advice, we are proud to say, has already fallen on fertile soil. And the credit for this belongs to Edgar E. Hesch, Secretary of the Philadelphia Chapter of the National Farm School. Once every week he comes here to the school to teach the boys all he knows about the florist game and to explain to them the pitfalls to be avoided when they go out into the world.

Mr. Hesch does all of this on his own accord and at a personal sacrifice. He stands to lose much and to gain nothing, for he receives no monetary consideration in return. Most certainly Mr. Hesch deserves our most heart-felt gratitude for his unselfish interest in the boys of N. F. S.

J. L., '29.

Alumni Notes

"Muddy" Levine, '28, last year's flashy halfback, dropped in on us the other day. At present he is engaged in taking care of saddle horses but he is seriously thinking of honoring Ohio State with his services.

Harris, '28, is now a close neighbor of ours, working for Detweilers near Chalfont. It seems that Harris has had a rather hectic career since graduation, but at present things are beginning to pan out much more to his liking.

From the dim recesses of Central America, news has reached us that "Stud" Elliot, '28, is once more in his element. He is busily occupied playing baseball for the Union Fruit Corp. and carrying on amorous affairs with the

dark-eyed senioritas. We don't know which is taking more of his time but we can take a good guess.

We wish to express our heartiest felicitations to Sam Golden, '21, and to Miss Sylvia Molerman of Philadelphia, to whom he has recently announced his engagement. Golden can best be recalled as the one who entertained us so ably and so cleverly the night of the past Alumni Day.

Litwin and Levine, '27, the two inseparables, have finally seen fit to dissolve their long-lasting partnership. Levine plans to make Florida his future scene of activity. Litwin has been lured to the city through a chance to become a Big Butter and Egg Man.

STORM FLASHES

(Continued from page 9)

the muzzle of each of the mechanical spring guns was perched a five-hundred-lb. can of T.N.T. which was equipped with a timing device set to discharge the can under water. The effect within two hundred yards was disastrous. When they had reached the end of the wake the "Y" gun at the stern was discharged and two cans were hurled overboard. Presently, not far astern of the speeding destroyer a mountain of water shot into the air and the ship was shaken violently from stem to stern. Upon reversing their course they soon came upon a sheet of oil and floating debris. The enemy had been effectively put out of the way. "Johnson," called out the captain. "Aye aye, sir," replied Johnson, who was the signal quartermaster. He had charge of the visible communication flags by day and blinker or searchlight by night. "Able, Oboe, Zed" (code for "take zigzag course"), were the skipper's orders. "Aye, aye, sir," whereupon Johnson snappily hooked up three varicolored

flags together, attached them to the lanyard and hoisted them to the top of the mast. The convoy acknowledged by hoisting the same flags. "Executed" ordered the communication and the flags of all the ships were almost simultaneously lowered following those of the destroyer.

They were nearing the end of their journey and by nightfall, if nothing happened, should drop anchor in Bordeaux harbor.

The sea was beginning to run somewhat smoother and the wind had abated somewhat. The destroyer had reduced her speed to keep within hailing distance of the convoy. The clouds were breaking and a ray of sunlight now and then shot through. The watch was relieved and doubled and those who had borne the brunt of a wild night turned in for a sorely needed rest.

(As related from the experiences of a "Bluejacket" in the world war.)



HARRY WEISSMAN, '29

Editorial

TO THE farmer, Harvest is a time of light-heartedness, for it signifies a well-earned rest after incessant toil. We students here on the Campus may, too, now relax and look in admiring reflection at the fruits of our associations in the past.

We have worked in a spirit of kindred interests; we have sweated side by side in the mows; we have "hitched" in groups to town; we have "grubbed" each other's cigarettes; we have eaten and lived together. We have become bound by bonds of strongest intimacy, and now with the end of the year so close we can reap the fruits of our toil—in the form of sympathetic companionship.

As alumni members we will be able to look back in retrospection at three enjoyable years spent at N. F. S. We will rejoice at Farm School's victories, and we will be proud of her expansion. That will then be our Harvest—beautiful memories.

Of course, our harvest is not yet fully reaped. Our harvest is a long one, for it lasts forever. Classes gone, on each Alumni Day will meet classes not yet gone and so each year adds to our increasing yield. That is one of the good characteristics of our Alumni; they always reap harvests of friendship.

H. W., '29.

BEEKEEPERS CONVENTION

Sixty beekeepers of this section of the State attended the convention held at Farm School on August 22, 1928. The principal speakers were Mr. Green, chief State Apiary Inspector and Professor Anderson, also of the State Apiary Department.

A discussion was held on the meeting of the International Beekeepers held recently at Cornell University.

A Bucks County Beekeepers Association was then formed with Mr. Schmieder of our Faculty as curator.

After an inspection of our own apiary Mr. Goodling showed the visitors our dairies and the library.

Tramp—"I don't suppose you don't know of anybody who don't want to hire nobody to do nothing, don't you?"

Tramper—"Yes, I don't."

Spirit

By P. KEISER

*Now the summer days are waning
And the Autumn days are nigh;
From the fields and the marshes
It's reflected to the sky.*

*Soon the leaves within the forest
And on our campus too,
Will all be touched in splendor
Of nature's brightened hue.*

*Whate'er your inward feeling
Or discernible delight,
The Autumn brings a vision
Of just as grand a sight.*

*Of the gridiron and the cheerings,
And the crowded sideline seats,
As the grid-machine in fury
Up and down gridiron beats.*

*Many teams will strive for victory
And the path to greater height
In the sport of all the ages
And where "living" means "to fight".*

*To us of National Farm School
It means that we are right
To uphold our grand traditions
And the Green and Gold so bright.*

*So whate'er your means and talents,
Whether large or whether small,
To keep our colors flying
We must have you one and all.*

*Each and every fellow
Can easily find a place,
On team, or club, or "Gleaner",
To hasten up the pace.*

*So if we want to have our standard
Reach to greater height
It means that every fellow
Must fight, and fight and fight.*

THE CONCERT

On July 1, 1928, the Student Body had the pleasure of listening to a musical program arranged through the courtesy and efforts of Mrs. Sophie R. Santz.

Mrs. Santz, herself a graduate of the Petrograd Conservatory of Music, explained the principles underlying our delight in music.

The artist-musicians whom she had secured were: Mina Dolores, vocal soloist; John Levengood, pianist; and Leon Mogill, violinist.

We hope that we may hear from them again in the near future.

The new dictionary proclaims a correction of that part of the locomotive called the "cowcatcher". Thanks to Henry Ford it is now known as the "can-opener".

TIMES DO CHANGE

Here's to our grand old convalescent,
Emanuel Petkov by name;
He left in the days of the paddle
And returning found things not the same.

For
"No paddle shall paddle my freshmen,"
Said chief Fire-eater Gazah,
And woe to him who does so,
For home he shall go to papah.

A TOAST

Here's to our fighting captain,
To the power and strength that he shows;
We know you can't hurt his body
But please don't molest his nose.

Class and Clubs

H. W., '29

Due to the inactivity of the various classes and organizations during the summer months, the GLEANER would like to print whatever notes there are in the form of these following press notices.

Senior Class

Year Book staff selected and working hard. Dance to raise money for book discussed. Graduation approaching nearer. Senior "Pep" raid in Limelight; Dues in Crimelight.

Junior Class

Ring committee in full swing. Junior Banquet to be held at Doylestown in honor of 1928 Football Team. Roast held September 7,—boloney, shmaltz, herring, etc.; Junior Prom in the Limelight; Hazing ban in the Crimelight.

Freshies

Constitution adopted. Class colors decided upon; blue and gold. New class officers elected: President, Steinberg; Vice-President, Goldman; Secretary, Grisdale; Treasurer, Goldfarb. Football Banquet in the Limelight; Junior "hand out" in the Crimelight.

Council

Enlarged by additional members of '29, '30, and '31 classes. Fosters and aids Minstrel Show. Picknicking good time had at Chalfont. Junior Prom promoted. October Corn Show in the Limelight; Fewer dances in the Crimelight.

Senate

Cases tried as usual. Frankel and

Michaels in the Limelight; Faculty non-cooperation in the Crimelight.

Horticulture

Trip to Rutgers College and experiment grounds September 15; extremely educational. Get-together for members planned late October. Movies in Limelight; Dean's permission for trips in the Crimelight.

Orchestra

Played Alumni Dance. Entertainments each Saturday evening planned; novel stunts exhibited. "Hot Stuff" in the Limelight; Time off for practice in the Crimelight.

Band

Played at Valley Forge for Kiwanis Picnic. Will play at Philmont Country Club and at Doylestown Fair. Mr. Goodling's encouragement in the Limelight; Practice grills in the Crimelight.

Varsity Club

Benefit at Strand Theatre 19th and 20th of September. Banquet proposed at end of year for graduating members. Nine varsity men on Football Team. Money raised in the Limelight; Salesman ability spent in the Crimelight.

Poultry Club

Reared chicks prove natural brooding more profitable than artificial incubation on small scale only. Talks made by Dr. Thompson, Dean of Poultry Department of New Jersey College of Agriculture. Freshmen now welcome in the Limelight; Back dues in the Crimelight.

THE CHICAGO CHAPTER

The recently organized Chicago Chapter of N. F. S. Alumni marks the latest step in the expansion of this sincerely energetic body of Farm School grads.

On August 8, 1928, at the Hotel La

Salle during a dinner arranged by Carl Hahn, '13, in honor of Sam Rudley, who was on a trip to Chicago then with Mrs. Rudley, the new chapter was organized.

(Continued on Page 27)

Kick Harder

KICK HARDER, disguised as a lounge lizard in his super-modern, plus-fours union suit, sat in the parlor of his best girl reading his book, "Detecting a Detective".

Suddenly he arose and began to pace nervously across the room, bumping into the wall in his absorption.

"What's the matter?" queried his companion as she playfully hurled a golf ball at him.

"I've just stifled a yawn—and I feel like a murderer," he replied; "that is the way with all life, one action in a moment of sub-consciousness may mean life-long regret."

"You mean to say—", began the girl.

"Exactly."

"Then you believe after all that—"

"Without a doubt."

"In other words—"

"That is my firm conviction."

"I think I understand," she said as he gazed into her eyes with as soulful an expression as a wounded hyena.

So absorbed was Kick in his contemplation of her beauty that he dozed off. However, she pulled out his false teeth with a steam shovel, causing him to awake with a start.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "I almost forgot my appointment with Balksure. A crime has been committed."

"Oh, can't you stay?" she wailed, when Kick sternly admonished her.

"Young woman—you must learn that a man in my walk of life must lay duty before pleasure—just think of all the people who are dying . . ."

"No—no! I want to think only of you," she whispered passionately.

"Now—see what you done?" he raved, "get out of my way—no female shall

hinder me from my set purpose. If I have missed my appointment you shall rue this day."

Suddenly he looked at her with keen interest, and then exclaimed, "Ah, I know you now—you are Molly, the crook girl. I've been on your trail for weeks but you always gave me the slip."

The girl started to run—he shouted, "Help—police—stop thief!" Then remembering himself, he paused, drew his pistol, and pulled the trigger. Only a jet of water squirted out. She had duped him—Kick Harder—the greatest criminologist in the world, with a simple ruse. Now she was gone.

He smiled with disdain and then blew three shrill blasts. Instantly a hail fellow well met stepped out of the hallway and announced, "Here, sir."

"Where were you when my life was in jeopardy?" demanded Kick.

"Come now—let us hasten to the scene of the crime."

But Balky, sobered into silence said regretfully, "Oh would I had followed mother's advice and become errand boy in Zachariah Hiram's general store, instead of becoming a detective; depending on graft is very uncertain."

"Come—come," said Kick gruffly as he swallowed another sob, "let's go."

Leaping down the elevator chute to see what it was like, the two sleuthed their way to a house on — Street; here they stopped and Kick drew a bottle of whiskey from his pocket.

"Just to get into the spirit of the thing," he explained.

Warning his assistant not to say a word, he swallowed a hot pepper to make his tongue sharp and then shattering a

window pane, he noiselessly crept into the house.

"Don't touch that!" he warned as Balksure reached for a piece of shmaltz hanging on the table.

Whereupon Balky began to wail, "I wanna go home! You treat me like dirt. I want my dear father!"

Kick silenced him by throwing the safe at him. "Maybe that'll keep you!" he silently yelled.

After searching every room in the house and discovering no one, Kick Harder placed his fist in his mouth, his usual sign of deep thought, and said, "The house seems empty."

Balky looked at him with eyes of brimming admiration. "How the hell—" he began.

"Tush—tush," the detective answered. "Meanwhile watch out for the girl, she is probably a fugitive from justice."

They stepped out into the night—to come face to face with Harder's female acquaintance.

He grasped her by the arm saying, "Molly, the jig's up; you for the jug; got anything to say?"

Her face showed no concern. She glanced at Balksure who immediately blushed and did a few somersaults just to show off.

"Yes," she whispered huskily, "are you ticklish?"

Unthinkingly Kick said, "Indeed, I've always been."

At this she suddenly darted her hands inside his coat and explored feverishly the region of his rib sides. The criminologist broke into uncontrollable laughter.

She then left and after a few hours of mirthful ecstasy during which the faithful Balky slept on the pavement, Kick came to.

Shaking Balksure by the earlobe he yelled, "That woman—"

"Oh forget her; she's no good."

"You fool, she is wanted by the Squeedunksville police."

Here Balksure burst out into a fit of laughter. Then tearing off a false wig he disclosed himself to the amazed detective as the woman in question.

"You see," he explained, "you once said I was two-faced. I am more than that; I have a dual personality. The woman in me is one and I am the other. I merely wished to pull you down a few notches. And remember the famous proverb, The man who never fails does not always succeed. Kick Harder, today you are a failure—outwitted by a mere assistant."

As Balksure slipped on a banana peel, Kick broke down and cried. This was the only failure in his career as the world's Greatest Authority on Criminologists' Tactics.

H.¹W., '29.



Campus Chatter

In behalf of the Student Body the GLEANER offers its most sincere congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Kraft, who have recently celebrated their thirty-fifth wedding anniversary.

* * * * *

The GLEANER wishes to offer congratulations to Koltnow, '29, Kovarik, '29, Pollecheck, '29, Lampert, '29, Rosenberg, '30, and Newman, '31, for their successful appendicitis operations. We wish them a speedy recuperation.

* * * * *

New song composed by Weber and Strang: "Fly, Birdie, Fly"; it's simply imprisoning.

* * * * *

THERE SEEMS TO BE A SEVERE EPIDEMIC OF "ANKLE-ITIS" AMONG FOOTBALL MEN. WE HOPE THAT BY THE TIME THIS ISSUE GOES TO PRESS, JUNG, RAND, AND ROSEN, WILL HAVE RECOVERED FROM THEIR ATTACKS.

* * * * *

Mrs. Jackson, after a most enjoyable vacation to Canada, is back with us again to her—

"Broken legs and smashed-up faces,
Fractured skulls and earache cases."

* * * * *

The Horticultural Society found it extremely difficult to gain permission for its trips this past summer. We hope that in the future it may have the luck of the band (so well encouraged by the Dean), who were easily able to obtain schooltime leave to play at Washington Crossing and at the Philmont Country Club and for their weekly practices.

* * * * *

WITH THE COMMENCEMENT OF CLASSES IT IS HOPED THAT AN INCREASED INTEREST BE TAKEN IN THE VARIOUS CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS IN THE SCHOOL. THE BENEFITS DERIVED FROM THESE MIGHT BE MORE THAN THOSE DERIVED FROM THE REGULAR STUDIES.

* * * * *

Freshman paddle boys . . . "The raids are ended but the memory lingers on, etc."

* * * * *

Mr. B. Rivkin has again made a generous donation to the Athletic Association, and the student body wishes to express its deep appreciation. Such gifts make it possible to secure first-class equipment for our teams, and thus contribute, in a large measure, to our athletic success.



PHILIP WEBER, '29

Editorial

THE vacation is over at last and once more the grind begins. But with this hard work comes an enjoyable one—that is, publishing our magazine again. It is also difficult work, collecting, correcting, and setting it up, but when finally the cover-bound magazine comes back all bound, we feel happy and proud.

Then once more the black cat steps in—the exchange departments get hold of our book and almost tear it to pieces with criticism. That is the reward. But only through criticism do we realize our faults and glean new ideas. And so this year we are sure to see school papers and magazines at the height of improvement—stories that almost put us in the hero's place, sound editorials, sporty athletic writings, and exchanges that give credit where it is due, but point out our faults wherever necessary.

We farmers will expect to hear from you “city folks” and hope you enjoy our magazine as much as we have enjoyed reading all the others the past year.

We wish to acknowledge the following magazines which we have been receiving regularly.

The Knight—Collingswood High, Collingswood, N. J.

The Student—Holmes High, Covington, Ky.

The Torch—Doylestown High, Doylestown, Pa.

The Item—Dorchester High, Dorchester, Mass.

The Caliper—Stuyvesant High, N. Y. C.

The Student—Freeport High, Freeport, N. Y.

The Archive—Northeast High, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Record—English High, Boston, Mass.

The Index—Haverford High, Haverford, Pa.

The Onas—William Penn High, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Green and White—La Salle College, Manila, P. I.

The Canary and Blue—Allentown High, Allentown, Pa.

The Southron—South Philadelphia High, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Oriole—City College, Baltimore, Md.

The Perkiomenite—Perkiomen School, Perkiomen, Pa.

The Record—Camden High, Camden, N. J.

The Wissahickon—Roxborough High, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Cadet—New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

The Cadet—St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis.

THE CHICAGO CHAPTER

(Continued from page 22)

Special credit is due to Sam Rudley who in the past has proven himself one of the most active exponents of the Alumni Activities. Mr. Rudley is keenly anxious to see some day the Alumni scattered in the various states of the union, yet bound together by the strongest bonds of School Loyalty.

The Charter members consist of twelve men including:

Karl Kahn, '13—President
George Sparberg, '09—Vice-President
Oscar Shapiro, '17—Treasurer
Gabriel Swerdlow, '21—Secretary
Abe Miller, '07
Monroe Leiser, '11
Jerome Levy, '12
Jesse Marcus, '13
Abe Gordon, '14
Max Morris, '08
Morris Horowitz, '04
George Borovik, '04

It might be interesting to know that Miller, Shapiro, and Swerdlow are three of the most influential officers in the American Bulb Co. The other members are also prominent business figures in the financial world.

The Chapter plans to hold its first meeting during the latter part of September. By that time it is estimated that at least forty more grads will have been located and listed as active members.

It is the earnest hope of Mr. Kahn, the president, to make Chicago the headquarters of the alumni in the states of Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin. He requests that those grads residing in those states kindly submit their names to him or to the GLEANER office at the National Farm School.

The Chicago Chapter will be pleased to hear from any of the grads at any and at all times; and it assures all that it has the best interests of N. F. S. at heart.

SAVE WITH **ICE** SAVE WITH

SAFE
SURE
SILENT
ECONOMICAL

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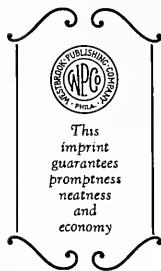


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The Gleaner

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Romany Road

W. V. G., '29

*I want to go down a Romany road,
But doubt if ever I will;
Cross sedge and brake and circle the lake
And climb to the top of the hill,
Where lilies grow and where roses blow,
And the dells are bright with dew,
But it wouldn't be a Romany road
Unless I went with you.*

*I want to go down a Romany road,
But doubt if ever I may;
Through swamp and swale and along the
dale,
A new and trackless way,
Past fishing streams where the moon-light
gleams
A tangle rushes through,
But I couldn't find the Romany road
Unless I went with you.*

*I want to go down a Romany road
But doubt if ever I can;
By fen and dell where the pines dwell,
To the home of the fairy clan.
With a fife to play I might make my way
Where the lights are far and few,
But what the good of a Romany road
Unless I went with you?*

Mr. McKown—"Why did Washington come to Philadelphia?"

Dumb Mutt—"To play the Athletics."

Art—"I'd like you to paint a portrait of my late uncle."

Artist—"Bring him in."

Art—"I said my late uncle."

Artist—"Bring him in when he gets here then."

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Mr. Kraft drove into town and hitched Joe to a railing in front of the fire department.

"You can't hitch there!" yelled the cop.

"Why," inquired Mr. Kraft, "don't that sign say 'fine for hitching'?"

"Hello Fniffleheim, who are you working for now?"

"Same people, Schnitzlefeffer, the wife and five children."

Mr. McKown—"What are the sister states?"

Wattman—"I'm not sure but I think they are Miss Ouri, Ida Ho, Mary Land, Calli Fornia, Alli Bama, Louisa Anna, Della Ware, Minnie Sota, and Mrs. Sippi."

Fertik—"What's a chain store?"

Colton—"A place where you get a marriage license."

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FARM SCHOOL'S STUDENT TONSORIAL ARTIST

NEW ENTRANCE TO FARM SCHOOL

Through the generosity of Mr. I. H. Silverman, a member of the Board, four handsome pillars of brick and limestone are being erected near the State road, to form the entrance to Farm School's new road. Two pillars, with appropriate decorative designs and adequate lighting, will stand on either side of the sixteen-foot road which the Board is constructing. The road, which begins at the fork of the present road with the State road—and at right angles to the State road—will run in the rear of the Alumni Athletic field, and in front of Ullman Hall.

ATHLETIC GRANDSTANDS ERECTED

By the time this GLEANER goes to press, the portable grandstands generously donated by the Alumni, will have been set up on the Alumni Athletic Field. The stands have steel frames and wooden seats, accommodating approximately five hundred.

The new field is in splendid condition. Since the July Alumni day the grass has come up uniformly, the field has been lined off for football and the benches for the home and visiting teams arranged. The first game to be played on this field will be with the Ursinus College Freshmen on October 6th. Root for the team and christen the new field with a victory.

A FARM SCHOOL CATALOGUE

A Farm School catalogue, to take the place of the Circular of Information sent out to all applicants in the past, is being prepared and will be ready for distribution by the first of the year. The catalogue, modelled after a college catalogue, will contain a brief statement of the history and purpose of the school, requirements for admission, a full description of the campus and buildings, a completely outlined schedule for the three years together with detailed statements of the content of each course. There will also be a description of student life and organization and an appended list of the students with their addresses. It is hoped that this catalogue with its enlarged scope will continue to serve the interests of future applicants by giving them a true picture of the school.

Board Member—"Is he a finished musician?"

Rosy—"Not yet, but he will be as soon as his room-mate gets through with him."

Golden—"Gimme a ticket to Tulsa, please."

Mrs. Sprowls—"Here you are; change at Oklahoma City."

Golden—"No you don't, I'll take my change now."

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CLASS PERIOD LENGTHENED

A slight change has been made in the class system inaugurated last year. The original plan allotted six weeks, respectively, to the Fall, Winter and Spring terms, a total of only eighteen weeks out of the fifty-two. The belief was expressed that this class period was inadequate and should be increased to provide adequate time for covering the theoretical work in the courses. Under the present arrangement, six weeks have been added, making a total of twenty-four. Deducting the four weeks of vacation granted each year, a student now attends class half of the time and works the remainder of time.

The conscientious father ceased chastising his son.

"And now my boy, tell me why I have punished you."

The boy went on crying.

"That's it," he said, blubbering indignation. "First you pound the life out of me and then you don't know what you've done it for?"

"He broke a rib."

"He always was rough with the girls."

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